

WHOLE NUMBER 6,789.

1. The Government of the United States of America, hereinafter referred to as the "Government,"

Poetry.

Noctitude.

BY H. J. HONCHOW.

At noon I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
 To the far land where I have been,
 Where shadows and the night
 The moon and the stars are seen.

Far off I see the shining land,
 The stars and the moon are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen,
 The moon and the stars are seen.

At night I stand upon the height,
 Above the path of the sun,
 And look down on the night,
 And see the stars and the moon.

mon glass of wine from a side table;
 "You are my patient, you know, and
 must drink this before beginning a
 long story."

I expect I must have put something
 into my thought, for in a few minutes
 I found myself looking at a calmly and
 impassively as if I were speaking of
 some other person.

I told him, however, that I had been in
 the dark and took two steps away from it.
 I was utterly lost; how my untroubled
 hands would tell a window where I
 expected to find a door, and all the fur-
 niture seemed to play upon the corner
 as I moved about, until at last I
 would look on the ground utterly un-
 moved and trembling to walk through
 long hours for daylight.

I told him (and as I went on Mr.
 Pallati's face grew eagerly attentive)
 when I was a boy of sixteen, my
 mother had desired me to use the dis-
 crepancy of my sister's death by
 drowning when I was an infant; how
 the same night my light went out, and
 I saw through a luminous haze a room
 with ladies and a gentleman in it, a
 servant coming in at the door, followed by
 a houndman carrying a boy in his arms
 with a dead face and water dripping
 from his long hair; and when I told
 my mother what I had seen, she said
 that I had described to the minutest
 detail—the pattern of the wall paper—the
 flowers on the chimney piece—the
 furniture in the room—the furniture on that
 terrible morning at daylight.

"Any other experience like that?"
 asked Mr. Pallati. "I can't tell you
 how deeply you have interested me, Mr.
 Houghton."

"Only one other," I replied, "and
 that occurred at Chillingham Towers,
 where I lived for five years as private
 tutor to Sir George Chillingham's sons.
 He had been telling me one evening a
 curious story of a tragedy that occurred
 in his family more than a century ago,
 and had pointed out to me the portraits
 hanging in the great drawing room of
 the three principal actors. Some
 papers of the almost importance were
 abstracted in the confusion at the time,
 and Sir George said that his inability to
 produce them, if ever called upon to do
 so, might be most disastrous. The
 danger, of course, decreased as the
 years rolled by, but the story still
 hung over the house of Chillingham,
 though the lady by which it was origi-
 nally suspended might have thickened
 to a coil."

"That night a great storm of wind
 and rain broke over the Towers, my
 window was burst open, my light ex-
 tinguished, and the candles I always
 kept to my hand were wet and useless.
 For the second time in my life the lu-
 minous haze rolled out before me, and
 through it there appeared a very small
 room with one narrow window, the
 lower half of which was thrown up—a
 lumber room apparently, with one bare
 table in the center, a few broken chairs
 piled up in the corners, some dirty-
 looking prints in black frames on the
 walls, and a great glass case full of
 stuffed birds, some tumbling and some
 crumpled from their perches, and all in
 the last stages of decay. I told Sir George,
 when I saw this, that I was very young.
 When I was clearly developed the
 shadowy forms of a man and a
 woman appeared dimly, and I could
 see that their outlines agreed with
 those of two of the family portraits Sir
 George had pointed out to me. But
 happening at that moment to turn my
 head I saw this stream of light shif-
 ting through a chink in the door. I
 reached it at a bound, and catching up
 a lamp some one had left burning on
 the stairs, returned to my room to find
 everything as usual. I told Sir George,
 and we thoroughly explored the desol-
 ated room of the Towers, but could find
 no window in the least resembling the one
 of my vision."

"As I concluded a page boy brought
 in coffee, and when I had drunk mine,
 the curious feeling of constraint under
 which I had been speaking passed off,
 and I said quite cheerfully, 'There,
 Mr. Pallati, I have made a clean breast
 of it, and now what do you prescribe?'

"A dog," said Mr. Pallati.
 "What?" I asked.
 "No, to sleep with it. There is no cure
 but death for the wonderful gift of see-
 ing and telling, and it is a gift, if too much
 used, full of danger to brain and
 nerves. But prevention is better than
 cure, so buy a little dog and let him lie
 at the foot of your bed, and you will
 not be troubled with visions again even
 if your light does go out."

We parted with mutual promises to
 meet soon, but I was ordered away on
 duty, and it was six months before I
 saw him again.

I had just returned to London and
 was intending to call on him, when I
 received a letter from Sir George Gil-
 lingham begging me to go at once to
 the Towers on a matter of the deepest
 importance. I lost not a minute in
 obeying the summons, and, full of anxi-
 ety and a misgiving that something
 was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers
 as the dressing gown for dinner was
 sound.

Sir George met me as I drove under
 the great portico. He looked so worn
 and harassed that I could not help
 whispering, "Good heavens, Sir George,
 what is it? Has that question of the
 title deeds dropped up again after all?"

"Exposing all their rascally fortune-
 telling and tapping and table-turning
 and such small knaveries," I supposed,
 "Quite so," replied Pallati dryly.
 "And now, gentlemen," said Sir
 George, as the last bottle of claret was
 emptied, and we were ashamed even to
 look as if we should like some more, "if
 you please we will take our coffee in
 the drawing room, as there are no lad-
 dies there, and he rose from the table
 and walked toward the door. As we
 followed Pallati whispered in my ear,
 "Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a
 modern Chaucer and be drawn in a
 hundred boxes of that claret!"

"My sample," Sir George led the
 way to the great state drawing room,
 and as we entered a perfect blaze of
 splendor was before us. The huge sal-
 on, with its frescoed ceilings and pro-
 fusely gilded, was lighted up by hun-
 dreds of wax candles in great chandel-
 iers, in scones, brackets, and lustres;
 the walls were entirely covered by full-
 length portraits of old Chillinghams;
 over each portrait a powerful lamp and
 reflector threw so strong a light that
 every portrait knight and gentle dame
 seemed to come to life and to gaze at
 us in the black-coated intruders
 into their gay assembly. Two enor-
 mous trees were burning, one at each
 end of the room, and before one of these
 Sir George stood and motioned us to be
 seated. He looked so grand and state-
 ly, and the brilliance of the scene was
 so overpowering that Pallati and I
 looked for his words with a kind of aw-
 e."

"Gentlemen, I am not going to de-
 claim for you any length of time by tel-
 ling you over again the history which
 you have heard already from my
 lips. But on a particular night, I
 wish to recapitulate some of the main
 facts."

"In the year 1743 my great-grand-
 father, Sir Hugo Chillingham, after be-
 coming a young and beautiful girl and
 brought her to the Towers. There are his
 portrait and hers," pointing to them; "go
 up to them and inspect them closely—
 learn them by heart. Who knows what
 may come of your doing so?" he said
 almost fiercely.

"The year 1743 was faithful to him—faith-
 less from the very day she was wed,
 and her lover was her own husband's
 vagrant, worthless cousin, the son of
 a man who had squandered his birth-
 right and willingly parted with all the
 great estate of Chillingham to his young-
 er brother and his heirs forever. There
 is the man's portrait in that corner;
 study his face and figure as closely,
 both of you. The year 1743 brought
 ruin and misery on many a noble house,
 and Sir Hugo did his best to involve
 himself in the same ruin. He was a
 fact that that poor, miserable
 the Professor, once sat in that travesty
 of a throne, while wretched, virtuous
 ladies crowded round to kiss his false
 hair, and Sir George pointed to a
 chair, surrounded by a kind of canopy
 of gold and crimson."

"One night," continued Sir George,
 "Sir Hugo returned home earlier than
 he was expected, and, walking hastily
 up stairs, the first thing he heard was
 the voice of his wife in conversation
 with a stranger in one of the rooms.
 He took to the door it was locked, and
 the next he had burst it open, a man
 was leaping out of the open window,
 and Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after
 half a dozen passes drove his sword
 through the body of Conrad Chilling-
 ham. Returning through the window
 he found his wife senseless on the floor,
 and, putting a constraint upon himself
 to refrain from spurning her with his
 foot, he passed on to his bedchamber,
 where the first thing that met his eye
 was a great box chest with the lid open,
 and in it a bundle of papers. He took
 them, and in the next moment he was
 that his precious title deeds had been
 abstracted. He found his way back to
 where Conrad lay with staring eyes in
 the moonlight, and searched the body
 for the deeds without success. Return-
 ing through the window, his wife sat
 up and looked at him and his blood-
 stained hands, but her face was the
 face of a maniac, and she never recov-
 ered her reason, dying many years after-
 wards within the walls of a madhouse."

He saw the whole of this plot now.
 Conrad Chillingham, desiring his
 his soul, but intended to abstract the
 deeds, and with these in his posses-
 sion, to attain him of high treason and
 claim the estates.

"There was a State trial, which any
 one can read to this day, and he was
 acquitted, with a universal expression
 of pity for his misfortune and of loath-
 ing for the subject of his revenge."

"To piece together these facts has
 cost me months of labor in reading up
 old diaries and letters in the muniment
 room, for I have never felt sure whether
 or not I was not in some corner of
 my descendants might not be challenged
 to produce the title deeds of Chilling-
 ham. The blow has fallen upon me at
 last. It seems that some descendants
 of that old collateral branch, all long
 since dead and gone, as I hoped and be-
 lieved, have turned up. At any rate
 there are agents busily at work making
 all manner of inquiries, searching regis-
 ters and so on, and my lawyers have
 told me point blank that I may be called
 upon to produce these deeds, and that
 if they are not forthcoming my
 name of Chillingham may be forever
 lost."

"I am a young man, with your keen wits
 and ready invention, can help me. My re-
 sources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then
 leaned his head upon his hand, his el-
 bow upon the mantelpiece. A servant
 entered, and looking up he said quite
 naturally: "Put out all these lights
 and close the room again, Mallam—I
 only wanted to show Mr. Pallati how
 it looks on a state occasion—and take
 the cigars and things into the billiard
 room. We will finish the evening
 there."

Of the almost incredible events which
 followed I confess that I am unable to
 offer any explanation. I can only touch
 for their having actually occurred—
 Whether, as Mr. Pallati honestly be-
 lieves, the soul can in certain rare in-
 stances leave the body and wander up
 and down the spirit world like a dog in
 a fair prying into the secrets of the
 dead, or whether these events were
 merely the result (to quote the Doctor
 in "Martin Chuzzlewit") of a "most
 extraordinary happy and favorable
 conjunction of circumstances," will for-
 ever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my
 brain was in a whirl, and I should have
 been glad to exchange nerves with a
 cat. The unusual quantity of wine I
 drank, the dazzling splendor of the
 state drawing room, the awful mid-
 night tragedy of a century ago, and
 the life-like portraits of the principal actors
 seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep.
 But when I thought myself most wide
 awake I began to doze off, and was soon
 fast asleep. I cannot tell how long I
 had lasted. I cannot tell when I woke
 with a start, and for the third time in
 my life found myself alone in the dark.
 I stretched out my hand for the match-
 es, but they were gone, and at the same
 time the luminous glare appeared upon
 the wall. Then the room, with its one
 tall, narrow window, the broken furni-
 ture, the case of stuffed birds, the two
 figures of my former vision devel-
 oped rapidly. I could see the last plain-
 ly enough now—a man in a long house-
 man's coat and brown boots with great

aliver spurs, a woman in a long white
 wrapper, with hair flowing over her
 shoulders nearly to the ground, and
 they stood together by the table read-
 ing from a large sheet of paper which
 they held between them, by the light
 of a single candle in a tall silver candle-
 stick. Occasionally they turned their
 faces toward me with anxious ex-
 pression, and I immediately recognized
 two of the portraits in the state draw-
 ing room. Suddenly they started vio-
 lently, the woman rushed to the window
 and leaped out, the woman thrust the
 papers into her dress, and a second man
 with a drawn sword flashing in his
 hand dashed into the room and through
 the window in pursuit of the fugitive.
 Then the woman drew out the papers
 and tried to tear them, but they must
 have been parchment, and she failed;
 she put them over the flame of the can-
 dle, but one corner only began to
 shivel, and they would not burn. At
 last she turned to one of the dirty
 prints, which opened at her touch,
 thrust the document into a cavity in
 the wall, and reloading the mortar,
 fell headlong to the ground. I could
 not have borne much more, when there
 was a glare of light in my eyes, a hand
 shook me roughly by the shoulder, and
 a voice (Pallati's) exclaimed: "Good
 heavens! what is the matter? You must
 have had the night-mare and been
 talking to me about my pocket, and
 pointing the contents into a tea-pot
 tin to my lips. Whatever the potion
 was, it was so strong that it nearly took
 my breath away, but its effect was in-
 stantaneous, and I asked him quite
 calmly, 'How on earth did you come
 here?'

"Why, I felt so nervous and wakeful
 after Sir George's entertainment that I
 couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and
 worse I thought I would see if you were
 in the same plight. You certainly seem
 to have been better off than I and I
 think we had better stick together and
 keep ourselves awake by talking till
 daylight dawns again."

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will
 begin by telling you my vision like a
 modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may
 be able to expound it, oh Joseph."

"There may be nothing in it or every-
 thing, who knows?"

The next morning, after an almost
 unbroken breakfast, Sir George and
 Pallati and I were prosecuting a vigi-
 lant search in the house, but after an
 hour of hunting and poking into
 every hole and corner we came re-
 luctantly to the conclusion that there
 was nothing corresponding in the re-
 mote degree with the room of my
 vision. The case of stuffed birds and
 the dining points were especially con-
 spicuous by their absence.

We were walking away, silent and
 disappointed, Sir George and I leading
 the way, and had nearly reached the
 door when we saw the wing from the
 rest of the house, which showed that
 Pallati, who had been following at a
 distance, caused us to stop.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he shouted scream-
 ing: "I ought to have seen it at a glance!
 Come back, both of you; we shall know
 all about it in five minutes."

The usually calm and impassive Mr.
 Pallati was in such a violent state of
 excitement that we almost feared for
 his reason, but we obeyed him and re-
 turned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight
 into a room called the West Bedcham-
 ber, in one corner of which there still
 stood the great iron chest from which
 the fatal title deeds had been abstracted,
 and taking a foot rule from his
 pocket carefully measured the wall on
 one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor,
 which was paneled throughout with
 dark oak from floor to ceiling and mea-
 suring off nine feet from the side of the
 door on the outside, marked the place
 with a deep score of his knife. Trans-
 ferring his attention to the next room
 (known as the Blue Bedchamber) he
 scored off seven feet. His discovery
 was patent enough now. Again apply-
 ing his rule to the space between the
 two scores, it was at once seen that
 there were eleven feet of wall unac-
 counted for!

"There is a carpenter at work close
 by," cried Pallati; "we saw him as
 we came by. Now, my dear Houghton,
 and bring him here with his tools."

I was of like a shot, and soon return-
 ing with the astounded carpenter, who
 had been working in the hall, he took
 his nails and screws and such small ar-
 ticles plentifully by the wayside out of
 his basket in his haste. Pallati had
 already sounded the wainscot; the rusty
 nails came away at the first wrench, the
 planks were removed, the carpenter
 was dismissed, and then, with an al-
 most insupportable feeling of awe we
 stood within the very room I knew so
 well. The stuffed birds, the crazy fur-
 niture, the dining points—all were there,
 and on the little table in the centre
 stood a tall and polished silver candle-
 stick, and the title deeds disappeared by
 the great-grandfather of the mice who
 scurried into the holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word
 was said, and then I sprang at one of
 the prints and tried to tear it from the
 wall, but Pallati said my hand.

How Royalty Opens a Shop.

Royalty is put to all manner of odd
 uses nowadays. For instance, a Mail
 and Express writer recently caught a
 glimpse of it in London in the act of
 presiding at the opening of a store. To
 say every description of corner stone
 has become a recognized branch of the
 royal profession, and why not the cor-
 ner stone of a fortune? It was a pretty
 little shop just off Regent Street for the
 prospective sale of wood carvings,
 "poker work," small articles inlaid in
 mahogany. Bonnets peeped in at the
 door, bonnets nodded in the door-
 way, and bonnets blossomed in a dense
 mass, every bonnet pressing forward a
 circle of yellow roses in the middle of
 the room. The judge of roses was the
 coronet marking the august presence,
 and behind it stood H. R. H. Princess
 of Feckin, with roses gathered from
 the hedge in her hands and pinned up
 on her gown. It was a simple enough
 function—a buzz of talk, an examina-
 tion of the article trifles exposed for
 sale, a hush, a half dozen graceful sen-
 tences from the rose circle, a flower
 rapidly presented, a bundle of renewed
 conversation, a lot of royal pur-
 chase, an adjournment for the inevi-
 table tea-drinking. Simple, but Bel-
 giavla had been present and the future
 of the shop was assured. Princess
 Fredericka is a zealous patron of the
 Working Ladies' Guild and the small,
 pale-faced artist just establishing her-
 self in business was one of the guild's
 pupils and protégés.—(New York Mail
 and Express.)

A Point of Scripture.

An old fellow in a Mississippi town
 stood with his arms resting on a log
 fence, when a man drove up in a luggy
 and asked:

"What is the population of your
 town?"

"Niggers."

"Yes, but how many?"

"The Lord only knows."

"How many do you suppose?"

Miscellaneous

ing a Dictionary
stand and Dictionary
stand and Dictionary table.
For sale by
GEO. H. CARR
Thames street.
Butterick's Patte
FOR JANUARY RECEIV
LEWANDO'S
ENCH DYE HO
AGENCY.
S. Wai
327 Thames S
We shall have a full stock o
TURKEY
R CHRIST
ch for price and quality cannot
RKER & MART

People's Mark
J. F. Spinnaker
to call the attention of his
the public generally to the
ly of the
Morris Faber
—FOR—
Interior Decoration
on account of the beauti-
coloring and the dur-
e. They are particularly
isting the ordinary effects
and salt air.
3, 15, 17 & 19 Fra-
NOTICE
The undersigned having op-

No. 56 Thames.

A NEW

FISH MARKET

would announce to the citizens of London
city that he has on hand and
keep at all times all kinds of
Fresh Fish, Lobsters,
and all the seasonably found in a
market, and would respectfully
your patronage.

THOMAS W. STANTON
No. 56 Thames

74-11

Holiday Goods

Just received. A large
Neck, W
-IN-

Teck's Four-in-hand and
Silk and Cashmere
HUR CAPS AND
Also a large assortment

SILVER-HANDLED UP
JAMES P. T
189 THAMES S
RHODE IS
Hospital Tr
Office 60 South M
Open from 9:30 A.
PROVIDENCE
CAPITAL \$1
PAYS interest on DE
checks at sight
MONEY loaned on RE
satisfactory security.
BILLS OF EXCHANGE
CREDIT furnished bet availab
world.
All interests payable by
attended to by this Compa
All information for comp
office.
THE TRUST COMPANY
to act as Executor, Admin
or Receiver, in the return
Probate Courts are solicited
their capacities.
Executors, Administrat
who deposit their funds w
disposed of here from all
By.
[Directors—Amos C. Bar
lee, Christopher Lipp
T. Goulding, G. W.
Sprague, William D. Fly
William Kinney, William
H. Kimball, Edward D. Kim
Steele, Horatio N. Pe
John W. Danielson, W
C. Peggam and Lyman B
VERBEEK JR.
W. H. LATHAM, Vice Pre
C. E. S. A.]

POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER
INVALUABLE FOR
ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.
Sore Throat, Diphtheria.
Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.
Sores, Sprains, Bruises.
It is cooling, cleansing, and healing.
Catarrh. Throat Catarrh is cured by the Extract for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, &c. (See page 11, a Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)
Rheumatism, Neuralgia.

No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than **Poult's Extract**. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily cured and stopping.

Poult's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Piles. The use of **Poult's** Ointment in conjunction with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Box of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Female Complaints. In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

Poult's Extract is Known Everywhere. It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest laborer, and is the only medicine that the Merchant, the Gentleman, the Soldier, the Sailor, the Farmer, the Miner, the Shipwrecked, the Gulf and the Press—all ranks and classes of people.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract has been imitated generally, but the words "Pond's Extract" on the glass, and our picture trade-mark surrounding both pictures. None other genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take care of the price.

It is never sold in bulk or by measure.

Sold everywhere. Prices, 50c., 51, 51.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO.

75 5th Ave., New York.

**POND'S
EXTRACT
OINTMENT**

This Ointment is specially recommended for Piles.

PILE Also for *Hemorrhoids*, *Strains*, *Discharges*, *etc.* Testimonials from all classes. Price 5¢ Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only in **POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N.Y.**

Newport, R. I., April 24, 1891.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between William Flindler, William Flindler and Alexander J. Flindler, under the firm name of William Flindler & Co., is hereby dissolved.

All persons having demands against said firm will present them for payment, and be indebted to said firm are requested to pay them to William H. Flindler, who has authority to act and sign in liquidation.

WM. H. FLINDLER
WM. H. FLINDLER

A. J. FLOODER

Newport, R. I., April 13, 1891.

Having purchased the interest of my partners in the business and firm of Flooder & Co., I can be found at the old building corner of Holloway avenue and Catherine street and will be prepared promptly fill demands for

Plumbing and Plumbing Materials as well as the former business of the late

P. O. Box 517. 4-14-57.

FOR:

CHOICE

TEAS

AND

COFFEE

CALL AT

Sayer Brothers

283 Thames Street

Prepared Co

Prepared Co.

An excellent Summer fuel.
Kindles quickly and
Makes an intense fire.
Especially good for open gr.
Cleanly, convenient and
Delivered anywhere within the
part of the city.

Leave orders at either office.

181 THAMES

—OR—

557 THAMES

THIS IS THE SE

THE NEWPORT

Gas Light



Agar's Sarsaparilla
And its pur-
gative prop-
erty is caused by
the fact that it
is a purgative.

discarded this city, which is

istoria.

**BEST FITTING CORSET
FOR SALE BY LEADING M
MAYER, STROUSE
MFRS. - 412 BROADW.**

